

The Bright Young Woman

explicating to me, whatever,
doesn't fathom

shadowing by mad-
women in attics, or

flounces who fracture hearts
weekly, not recalling names.

Others screaming neuroses out
of cramps or myriad other physi-
cal pains. Or none. At any rate,

my bright young woman, laughing,
walks away now, and I am satisfied

that she'll go crazy necessarily,
with history as a guide.